MISCELLANY.

THE FORTY-ACRE FARM.

BY JOHN H. YATES.

I'm thinkin' wife, of neighbor Jones, that man with stalwart arm,
He lives in peace and plenty on a forty-acre farm;
While men are all around us, with hands and hearts a score,
Who own two hundred acres, and still are wanting more.

His is a pretty little farm, a pretty little house,
He has a loving wife within, as quiet as a mouse;
His children play around the door—their father's life to charm—
Looking as neat and tidy as the tidy little farm.

No weeds are in the corn fields, no thistles in the oats;
The horses show good keeping by their fine and glossy coats;
The cows within the meadow, resting 'neath the beechen shade,
Learn all the gentle manners of the gentle milking maid.

Within the field—on Saturdays—he leaves no cradled grain
To be gathered on the morrow, for fear of coming rain;
He keeps the Sabbath holy—his children learn his ways—
And plenty fills his barns and bins after the harvest days.

He never has a lawsuit to take him to the town,
For the very reason there are no line fences down;
The bar-room in the village does not have for him a charm;
I can always find my neighbor on his forty-acre farm.

His acres are so very few he plows them very deep;
'Tis his own hands that turns the sod—'tis his own hands that reap;
He has a place for everything, and things are in their place;
The sunshine smiles upon his fields, contentment in his face.

May we not learn a lesson, wife, from prudent neighbor Jones,
And not—for what we have n't got—give up to sighs and moans?
The rich ain't always happy, nor free from life's alarms,
But blest are they that live content, though small may be their farms.

A TALE OF THE INDIAN MUTINY.

"Come, come, my dog, we'll turn in now; I'm tired with a long day's watching. Why, Coorie, what's the matter?"

And as the beautiful Scotch terrier came up, wagging his tale, the young cavalry officer bent his bright, handsome face, already bronzed by the Indian climate, over him, till his own black, curly locks mingled with Coorie's yellow coat.

"What's the matter, dog? We've picketed down Angus (his horse), ready saddled; we've had our supper, and the natives are all abed; so come along, too, *mon chien*; the Sepoys are a long way off as yet."

Throwing away his cigar, Edward St. Clare rose up and entered his little bungalow—the only white man in it or near it, for the next picket was a couple of miles to the south.

Really tired, the young man threw himself on the couch and closed his eyes, bidding Coorie "lie down." But Coorie was unaccountably restless and fidgety; he whined, laid his pretty black nose to the ground, went to the window, and, finally, as sleep seemed stealing over the wearied young officer, he uttered a short bark, which instantly made the handsome gray eyes open wide again—on the alert directly.

"What now, Coorie?"

The dog jumped on him, licking his face, and pulling his arm violently the moment he sank back.

"You won't let me sleep, then—Ha! what is that?"

A man's suppressed voice beneath the window: "St. Clare, for Heaven's sake, awake! the Sepoys are upon us!"

Captain St. Clare was on his feet in a second, and at the window.

"Darville? Right! I'm armed and cloaked, and my horse saddled."

"Come, then," returned the other, hurriedly, "we must fly for our lives. My horse is here; I have ridden like the wind."

St. Clare caught up his faithful little dog, swung himself out of the window to the ground, and swiftly and silently fetched out his horse—a magnificent chestnut. To mount and put spurs to their animals was but the work of a moment. They could hear the advancing enemy through the jungle; they could almost see the natives, like demons, surrounding the bungalow; and shuddered to think of the narrow escape they had had from a terrible, tortured, and inglorious death.

Neither drew rein for an hour, heading their way for the nearest station. Then, as they rode on more carefully, St. Clare told the story of Coorie's strange instinct or presentiment, during which the little animal, perfectly understanding the loving voice and touch as he nestled in the heavy folds of his master's military cloak, looked up gratefully.

"We heard their advance," Darville then explained; "and, being such a small detachment, Colonel Manvers fell back to the south, and sent me on to you with orders to fly and warn the stations between this and Burrat-Peor, where you know the main body lies."

"Yes. Ah, there is the station below. How quiet they are! Too quiet, Darville; I don't believe there is a single regiment to be relied on."

A little more, and he pointed suddenly.

"Great Heaven! too late! The villains have risen. Look, look! we never thought to see such an awful sight a few short weeks ago!"

Blackened ruins where the station had been; corpses mauled and disfigured in every possible way that devilish savagery could invent—men, women, and children; horrors too great, details too fearful to harrow the reader with here. For those who remember the Indian mutiny of '56 it is enough; for those who do not let them rest in ignorance. This is no tale of its horrors, but simply a true incident out of the many episodes which occurred during that sad time.

Both rode on in silence, though Major Darville, the elder and less impressionable, was the first to recover his power of speech.

"We must keep on; a day's journey will bring us to Burrat-Peor."

"Yes. What is that?" he said, suddenly drawing rein.

"I hear nothing but the beasts howling. Ride on, man; ride on."

I won't till I hear again. By Heaven, it was the voice of a child!"

"A wild-cat you mean. They cry like a baby."

"It was not a cat. Ha! again; a child buried alive where that brushwood grows."

He sprang to the ground, and seized hold of a bush of greenwood close by, when, lo! it came up with a readiness that almost threw him backward; the sagacious dog tore away the root in a minute.

"It is a dry well," said Darville.

"And a little child at the bottom," added St. Clare, bending over the well. "It is very shallow; I can get it out if you keep a look-out and hold my horse."

Darville anxiously watched him disappear; but in a moment his arms reappeared, holding a little white form, which they placed on the edge while he scrambled out again himself; an easy feat for a strong, tall, young fellow.

It was a little child of three years old, whose extreme beauty neither terror, tears, nor semi-starvation could hide.

"Poor little creature!" and a tear fell on the fair little face, as the young soldier clasped the child to his breast. "How could anything born of woman hurt you? Your flask, Darville, quick."

Captain St. Clare gave his charge some brandy, then biscuit soaked in brandy, till the exhausted frame began to revive. She smiled up tremulously in the young, handsome face, and then, with a cry of terror, clung around his neck.

"Hide me! hide me! Oh, mamma! mamma!"

"My child, my darling! they shall not hurt you, though they have murdered your mother."

"She put—me—there," sobbed the child, "till—till she came."

"She will never come, darling. I must be father, mother, all to you now; we must ride on quickly, Darville, or the fiends will be down on us."

He held the child closer, lifted Coorie—not even this human treasure could make him forget his faithful companion—and remounted, wrapping both child and dog in his cloak within the strong clasp of his right arm.

"I am ready," he said; and the horses, refreshed by their rest, started off at a good, steady pace along the track which was the best route toward Burrat-Peor. The poor little child, who must have suffered terrors for many hours which perhaps few could estimate, slept soundly in her protector's arms.

"What a beauty she is," said Major Darville once. "Poor little lass! I wonder who she is—yours now, I think, St. Clare, by Jove; and I fear no one lives to claim her."

"Poor baby—no, and, look here, Darville, if no one does own her, I'll not give her up to anybody in this world."

"Stuff, boy," said Darville; "you're not rich; what can you do with the child? How the fellows would chaff."

"Let them; I care nothing. I can laugh who win; I will deny myself to save for her."

"Edward St. Clare, it is a thousand pities that your father and mother are dead!" exclaimed Darville. "They would have been proud of their son, as I am at this moment of my friend!"

"Chut! Darville, see here is a smooth piece; give rein. They shall never take us alive!"

The day was dawning when the fugitives slackened speed, and finally stopped by a stream to let their horses drink and graze, and take some refreshments themselves from Major Darville's well-provided saddle-bags.

"Ten minutes' rest," he said, bringing forth provisions. "Come, pretty one, wake up for some breakfast."

The little creature was so deeply asleep that her young protector placed her, cloak, dog and all, on the ground before she began to wake up, with a scared look in the dark blue eyes, which changed to a sunny smile as they went from one face to the other. Poor orphan! she was too young to know her loss. She, however, quickly settled herself against St. Clare, and ate her sandwiches in a pretty, dainty, ladylike way which told, as much as her appearance, she was the child of well-born, well-bred people.

"What is your name, golden head?" said St. Clare, tenderly drawing the silky, glittering curls through his long, slender fingers.

The little bright face looked up into his as the sweet, silvery voice said, simply:

"Mamma's Pet."

A childlike answer, but so vivid in its sad picture of what she had been and what she was now that it went like a physical blow to the young, brave heart. St. Clare suddenly covered his face, but he mastered himself at once.

"I can't help it, Darville. I'm a perfect fool when women and children are concerned. My poor baby, don't you know any other name?"

"No—only that—Mamma's Pet."

"Poor baby! You shall be my little girl, now, *my* Pet."

"Till mamma comes," said the child, thoughtfully.

"Darville, how can I tell her? what shall I say?—do?"

The Major thought of his own wife and little girl in England, and cleared his throat before he answered, gruffly:

"Don't tell her anything."

"Listen, baby," said Edward; "when mamma hid her pet in the well, what did she say?"

"She said that the wicked Sepoys were coming, and she would fetch me again when it was safe, or else God would send some good man to me; and you see he did, because he sent you, didn't he?"

"Child, child, you are a lesson, indeed, to me. Yes, he sent me, indeed, and you to me, Darville, I will call her Theodora."

"Why? I am no classic."

"It means, 'God's gift.' Listen again, sweetheart. Your mother will never come for you again—never see you till—till you see her in heaven; she is gone to heaven, my poor child."

"Never come again—nor papa either?" The coral lips began to quiver piteously—the large eyes to fill. Darville turned aside. St. Clare lifted her and rose—signing—for he dared not speak—that they must remount; there was danger in every minute's rest.

"We can push on now to Burrat-Peor," he said, as they started off again, the child and dog once more nestled in his arms.

"If you can," said Darville. "For it will be then over forty-eight hours since you slept, won't it!"

"Yes, that's nothing. I shan't hurt."

The invaluable cloak sheltered the child as much from the sun's heat as from the cold night dews. It was a long and painful ride, full of trouble and anxiety, for how did they know but what they might meet a body of savage rebels?

Can you not imagine vividly the wild joy and relief with which, toward evening, the well-known sound of the drum beating to quarters came upon the ear, and the smoke from, many a fire floated upward through the trees; for the strong, Jovial English, under Colonel Hayter, were encamped just outside Burrat-Peor.

The pickets were passed, and the fugitives rode up to the commander's tent, and dismounted as Colonel Hayter came out.

"Why! you! Major Darville, and Captain St. Clare! what new tale of horror do you bring?" said the old soldier grimly. "You both look done up. And what has the boy got?"

The dog was frisking about his feet, the child peeping out of the mantle, clinging tightly to her protector all the time, the more that the officers came crowding round to welcome the fugitives.

"A child, sir, a wee lassie," said the young officer, half laughing and coloring as he threw back his mantle.

"What a beauty!" exclaimed several. Wherever did you pick her up?"

"Didn't know you were married," said one, slyly.

"What is your name, pretty one?" said Colonel Hayter, stroking the curly head.

"Mamma's Pet."

The deep, unconscious sweetness, the pathetic tale it told in two words, struck them all. There was a hush for a moment, broken by Colonel Hayter.

"We must see to our fugitive friends' refreshment, baby and all. Jervis"—to his orderly—"supper, and get ready the room next to mine, and send your wife to see to this little girl. Come in and tell me your news and story and dispatches."

This Darville, as the superior in rank, did shortly, the child listening with dilated eyes to the part which told of her parents' murder and her own rescue; but when Mrs. Jervis came in she hid her face in Edward's breast and burst into tears.

"No, no—oh, don't send Mamma's Pet away! she'll never come, you said, and Pet has only you to love! She'll go to sleep so good—here."

The young man's dark eyes were full, and sooth to say, so were the others.

"Colonel, I can't say no to the motherless thing. Mrs. Jervis will kindly take her to wash, or whatever care she needs, and bring her back quickly. My darling, you shall come back to me."

The child suffered the good woman to take her away, but in about ten minutes she brought her back, washed and "tidied." She sat on her protector's knees, and gravely ate her supper from his plate, much to Colonel Hayter's amusement.

"Well, St. Clare, it certainly *is* a strange idea for a young fellow like you to saddle himself with a baby of three or four years old. Look! she's asleep."

"Faith, so shall I be, Colonel, for it's fifty hours since I slept a wink. Please excuse us. Darville, smoke a cigar on my behalf. Good night—come, Coorie."

Man, child, and dog vanished into the inner room, and in less than ten minutes the Major followed suit.

"I say, Hayter, look here. What a picture."

It was. The young officer, just as he was, had thrown himself on the low pallet, his handsome, noble face slightly turned, as if the last look had rested on the little child. She lay fast asleep on his breast, nestled close within his arms and the heavy cloak, which wrapped them both and made a bed for Coorie, who was curled up close to his master's hand; the last waking movement of which had been to caress him.

"He is as handsome as the babe is beautiful," said Colonel Hayter. "He's a noble fellow, though, of course, he has his faults. I wonder if he looks to the future in taking charge of this forlorn birdie."

"I verily believe he has, during our flight," answered Darville.

"I wish he was my son," half murmured the Colonel, laying his hand tenderly on the sleeper's rich black locks; and he sighed. His own son, Darville knew, had been a grief to his parents, and had died in no very reputable manner.

"Well, good night, Darville," he said; "I suppose we shan't see any of you at breakfast."

"Not me, Colonel, certainly, but I dare wager that fellow there will turn up with his child. I never saw such a wide-awake customer in all my life." And he too turned in.

The scene changes from India's gorgeous clime to the golden autumn of an English home, where the silver waters of the Thames flowed past the garden of a pretty villa taken for the autumn by a quiet gentleman and his wife.

Perhaps that is he standing by the French window, within which his wife sits reading; if so, we should surely know him; a fine, erect, military-looking man, rather over forty; gray, too, now, as he was not thirteen years ago.

"I wonder where Theodora has got to with her letter," says Major Darville; how she ate me up with her great eyes when I told her he had actually started for London, and might be down here any hour."

"Odd that Colonel St. Clare has never married," remarked Mrs. Darville; "but it's time yet; he will always be young. I wonder he even let that child go with you."

"It was a terrible parting, Mary, but it was necessary. She was thirteen, and a tall, lovely girl; he far too handsome and young to keep her with him. Besides, though he, a thoroughly well-educated man, had instructed her in all branches of useful knowledge, yet at thirteen she needed in accomplishments and such things the finishing process; moreover, her health began to feel the climate. So did mine, and I was coming home for good, and we were glad to have her, he wisely sent his darling away."

"I wonder whether he will find her much altered? At her age, passing from childhood to girlhood is a great change—and she is seventeen now. I suppose she is devouring his letter and photo, and starting at every fallen leaf, thinking it his step."

Was he not right? See that slight, beautiful girl, with such a wealth of golden curls, bending over a photograph in her hand. It is of a dark and very handsome man, looking about thirty, though really nearly ten years over that. We know that bright, noble face as well as she does—the child whose first orphan sleep had been upon his breast.

Ah, listen! Was that a falling leaf, or a light step treading over the grass? Was that little Scotch terrier, springing frantically about her, a fancy? or that tall, graceful figure a dream?

"Edward! Edward!" and the girl threw herself into his arms, with a passionate, almost convulsive, burst of weeping.

"My child! my treasure! you have not forgotten me, then?"

"Forgotten!"

Then he held her off. Was this the little forlorn child he had rescued more than thirteen years ago—this beautiful girl, who now smiled and then half-colored beneath his earnest gaze, as if in that second, like a flash, the unfailing, subtle woman's instinct had suddenly felt that there was—aye, must be—a change such as never could be altered back again; that she could never be to him the child of past years—never again be with him hour by hour as of yore? The realization burst upon him suddenly and irresistibly of the fact that it was no more the child and youth, but the girl of seventeen and the bearded man—not "Mamma's Pet" and Edward, but Theodora and Colonel St. Clare.

He drew her close to him again, and bent over her as she hid her face against his breast.

"Child, child! tell me if you can, if my dream is vain. Here on this heart your infant head was pillowed—this heart which has never beaten save for you alone. We must part unless you say again those treasured-up childish words—unless you can be St. Clare's wife!"

The black locks swept her golden tresses, as he stooped to catch the soft whisper.

"I love you, Edward, better than life. I only want to be with you. Oh, those long four years!"

Past now the dreary separation; and Major Darville smiled as Colonel St. Clare brought her in, and said:

"Ah, I thought it would be so, long ago: that this fairy had crept right into your heart, and written there 'Edward's Love' instead of 'Mamma's Pet.'"—*The Argosy.*

Slavery Among Ants.

Among ants the habit of slave-making, as discovered by the German naturalist, Huber, is one of the wonders of the animal kingdom. This habit belongs to the Amazons or red ants of South Africa. These leave their own dwelling in the evening, go to that of some tribe of black ants with the intention of making captives. The assailed are, however, not to submit so tamely. They organize for the defense, and resist their assailants furiously. The battle is long and fierce, sometimes one side, sometimes the other, having the advantage. We have read of, and admired, the bravery of the Old Guard in their charge at Waterloo, but here are charges and counter charges as fierce as any on that famous field. We admire our own Revolutionary fathers for defending their homes against foreign invasion, but what shall we say of these ants defending theirs until all the adult members of the tribe are killed or wounded. We applaud the heroism of our own brave boys and Southern foes in the late rebellion, but here by these animals, the one tribe endeavoring to make slaves, and the other in resisting that making, was displayed a heroism equal to that seen on any battle-field of that deathly struggle. But, not stopping to dilate upon the contest, we can say the Amazons may be defeated, but they will probably conquer, and, after killing or rendering helpless all their adult foes, descend into the dwelling, make captive, and convey the larvæ and young to their homes. This done, and the slaves being trained to perform the duties of their new condition, the captors give themselves up to a life of ease and become so enervated and imbecile as to be unable to care for themselves. If after a short period their slaves are removed the tribe will die for want of food. The distinguished naturalist to whom I referred took a colony and removed their serfs. The result was the tribe were dying rapidly, when a single slave was introduced, and she immediately set at work supplying food, rearing young, and in every respect caring for the body so that in a few hours life and vigor flourished where had been only indications of infirmity and death.

—Suspension is becoming very popular with many. I saw a Boston drummer, says a Boston letter, who walked up to the proprietor of the Lamar House and told him he had suspended. The last I saw of that drummer was his suspension from the toe of the right boot of that landlord down a flight of stairs.

—A little boy was precipitated under a mammoth iron roller near Stokes' Mound, in Carroll county, Mo., recently, and literally crushed into an unrecognizable mass.